



KONAMI OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK

TACTICAL ESPIONAGE ACTION

METAL GEAR SOLID®



Written by
KRIS OPRISKO

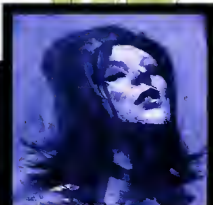
Artwork by
ASHLEY WOOD

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TURN
AROUND VERY
SLOWLY..



MERYL?

HA! THAT'S
THE SECOND TIME
I'VE BEEN ABLE TO
SNEAK UP ON THE
LEGENDARY SOLID
SNAKE.

HMM. I HAD
NO IDEA YOU
WERE SO
FEMINE.

KNOCK IT
OFF, SNAKE.
THIS IS NO TIME
TO BE HITTING ON
ME. AND EVEN SO,
IT WOULD BE A
WASTE OF
TIME.

~~SNAKE~~
SMART MOUTH.
YOU'RE MERYL.
ALL RIGHT.



WELL, AT
LEAST THAT'S
ONE THING
YOU LIKE
ABOUT ME,
HUH?

NO,
YOU'VE GOT
A GREAT
ASS, TOO.



YOU'RE ALL
CLASS, SNAKE.
NO WONDER
YOU'RE SUCH A
LONER.

YOU GET
THE OVERRIDE
KEYS FROM
BAKER?

YOU MEAN
THIS?

WHERE ARE
THE OTHERS?
THERE SHOULD BE
THREE KEYS!

THIS IS
ALL I'VE
GOT!

DAMN IT!
IF WE DON'T FIND
THE OTHER TWO, I'LL
HAVE NO CHOICE BUT
TO DESTROY METAL
GEAR. THAT COULD
PROVE TO BE
PROBLEMATIC

I'M GOING
WITH YOU.

UH-UH, NO
WAY, YOU'LL
JUST SLOW
ME DOWN.

I KNOW
THIS PLACE A HELL
OF A LOT BETTER
THAN YOU DO. NOW
C'MON, WE NEED TO
GO THROUGH THE
COMMANDER'S ROOM
AND HEAD TOWARD...
UHHNNHH!



MERYL!
WHAT'S
WRONG?

I...

IT'S JUST
A HEADACHE.
I'M FINE.

IT'S JUST
A HEADACHE.
I'M FINE.

LET'S
GO.

LET'S
GO.

WOMEN...





HELLO, MY
DARLINGS. ARE
YOU HUNGRY?
HMM?

SOMEONE'S
FED YOU
ALREADY...



I KNOW
YOU'RE HERE. I
CAN HEAR YOU
BREATHING.

SHOW
YOURSELF,
NOW!



DON'T
SHOOT!



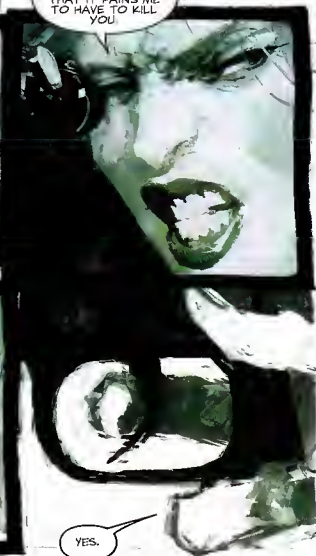


YOU'RE
THE CAPTIVE
SCIENTIST
EMMERICH.

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

I, UH,
YOUR DOGS.
THEY LOOKED
HUNGRY. I
THOUGHT I'D GIVE
THEM SOME OF
MY SPARE
RATIONS.

HOW
GENEROUS. THEN
YOU SHOULD KNOW
THAT IT PAINS ME
TO HAVE TO KILL
YOU.



NO—
PLEASE!

YES.

IT PAINS ME
GREATLY...



SNIPER
WOLF!
RESPOND!

LIQUID?



DAMN! LOST HIM.
BLOODY STEALTH
TECHNOLOGY.

I'M HERE,
LIQUID. WHAT
IS IT?

FORGET
THOSE MONGRELS
OF YOURS AND
RENDEZVOUS TO MY
POSITION. I HAVE A
TASK FOR YOU.



LIQUID. I NEED
TO TELL YOU
SOMETHING. THAT
PRISONER. THE
SCIENTIST CALLED
EMMERICH...



YES?
WHAT OF
HIM?



NOTHING
NEVER MIND.
I'LL JOIN
YOU IN TWO
MINUTES.



SO, HOW
DO WE BYPASS
THE COMMANDER'S
ROOM? THERE'S NO
OTHER EXIT THAT
I CAN SEE.

MERYL?

HELLO?
MERYL?
ANYBODY
HOME?



SNAKE
DON'T YOU
LIKE ME?



UH, SURE
I LIKE YOU,
MERYL. WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

IT'S JUST
THAT—WELL,
I'M NOT SO SURE
ABOUT HOW YOU
REALLY FEEL
ABOUT ME...


HUH?





IT'S JUST
SO HARD TO
FIGURE YOU OUT,
SNAKE. I MEAN,
YOU DO LIKE
GIRLS. DON'T
YOU?

MERYL,
WHAT THE
HELL IS
GOING ON
HERE?



DON'T
YOU MISS THE
TOUCH OF A
WOMAN, MMM?
I KNOW IT'S BEEN
A LONG TIME
FOR YOU.



I'D LIKE
TO SHOW YOU
WHAT YOU'VE
BEEN MISSING...
AND I'D LIKE
TO SHOW YOU
RIGHT NOW.

STOP IT,
MERYL! THIS
ISN'T THE
TIME!





AND WHEN *WOULD* BE A GOOD TIME SNAKE? PATHETIC FOOL!

I MAKE AN OBVIOUS PASS AT YOU AND YOU *REJECT* ME? JUST WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU?!

MERYL, PUT THE GUN DOWN.

NO. YOU'RE NOT A *REAL* MAN. YOU'RE JUST A SAD LITTLE BOY.



IT'S QUITE PITIFUL, REALLY. I SHOULD JUST PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY...



WHUD

UGHNN!

I'M SORRY,
MERYL. I DON'T
KNOW WHAT'S
GOTTEN INTO
YOU, BUT...

USELESS
WENCH!

ARE YOU
RESPONSIBLE...

...FOR HER
ABERRANT
BEHAVIOR? OF
COURSE I AM.
YOU GULLIBLE
DOLT!

I AM
PSYCHO
MANTIS

I AM BEYOND
YOUR FEEBLE
INTELLECT. YOU
CANNOT HOPE TO
SURVIVE ME

YEAH. YEAH.
SAME OLD
SPIEL. I'VE HEARD
THIS HACKNEYED
CRAP BEFORE
AND I'M STILL
KICKING



NOT THIS
TIME, SNAKE.
YOU HAVE
NO IDEA
WHO YOU'RE
DEALING
WITH.

I WILL
OBLITERATE
YOUR MIND. I
WILL FLAY THE
SKIN FROM
YOUR—



AAGHK-K-K!

BIAM

BIAM


BIAM

BIAM



NEED A
HAND?

MASTER
MILLER?!
HOW DID YOU
GET IN
HERE?



NOT EASILY.
THE COLONEL
FELT STRONGLY
THAT YOU COULD
USE SOME
BACK-UP.

LOOKS
LIKE HE WAS
RIGHT.



Snake, you all right?

I... I'm sorry, sir just a little dizzy...

And the girl?

Out cold. She'll be fine.



SNAKE, WE'RE OUT OF TIME. NEGOTIATIONS HAVE BROKEN DOWN AND LIQUID IS ABOUT TO LAUNCH. FORTUNATELY, WE'VE MANAGED TO ISOLATE METAL GEAR REX'S POSITION IN THIS FACILITY.

MY MISSION IS TO ENSURE YOU GET THERE.



WHAT ABOUT MERYL?

I'M SORRY, WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HER. IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE FOR ALL OF US ANYWAY.

WE HAVE TO GO, SNAKE.



METAL GEAR'S
MAINTENANCE
HOLD IS DOWN
THIS WAY.



STRANGE—
I'M POSITIVE
THAT DOOR
WASN'T THERE
BEFORE...

Snake!
SNAP OUT
OF IT!



SOMETHING...
SOMETHING
DOESN'T FEEL
RIGHT.

WELL,
GET YOUR HEAD
ON STRAIGHT!
I CAN'T DO THIS
ALONE!



SO
THE MIGHTY
SOLID SNAKE
IS BEFUDDLED?
PATHETIC!

PERHAPS
BATTLE WILL
CLEAR YOUR
HEAD...

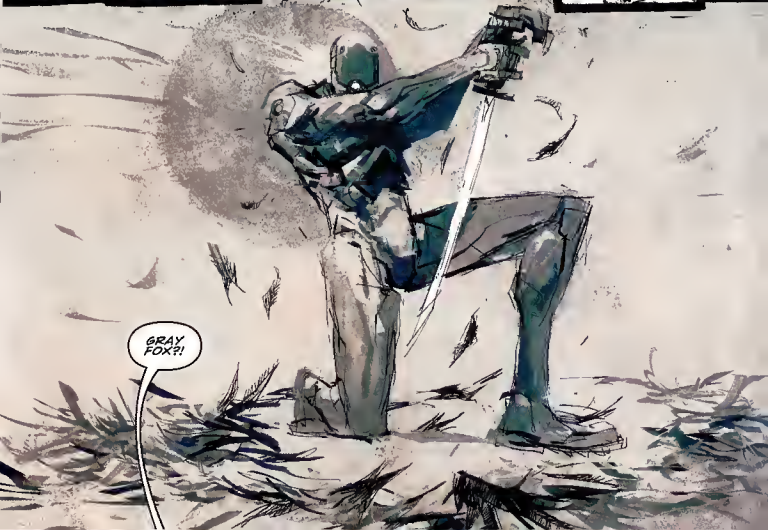
AND I AM
MORE THAN
HAPPY TO
OBLIGE.



IT IS
FUTILE.



YOU
CANNOT
WIN.



WHO?

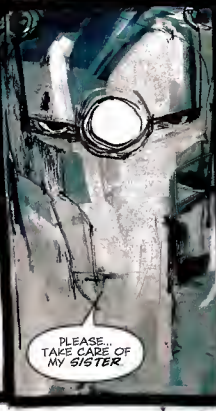
THAT
CYBORG IS
GRAY FOX, SIR—
IT'S A LONG STORY.
HONESTLY, I'M
NOT EVEN SURE I
UNDERSTAND IT
ALL MYSELF.

INTERLOPER!
YOU WILL PAY FOR
YOUR MEDDLING!

SNAKE,
GET OUT OF
HERE! I'LL TRY
TO KEEP
RAVEN BUSY!

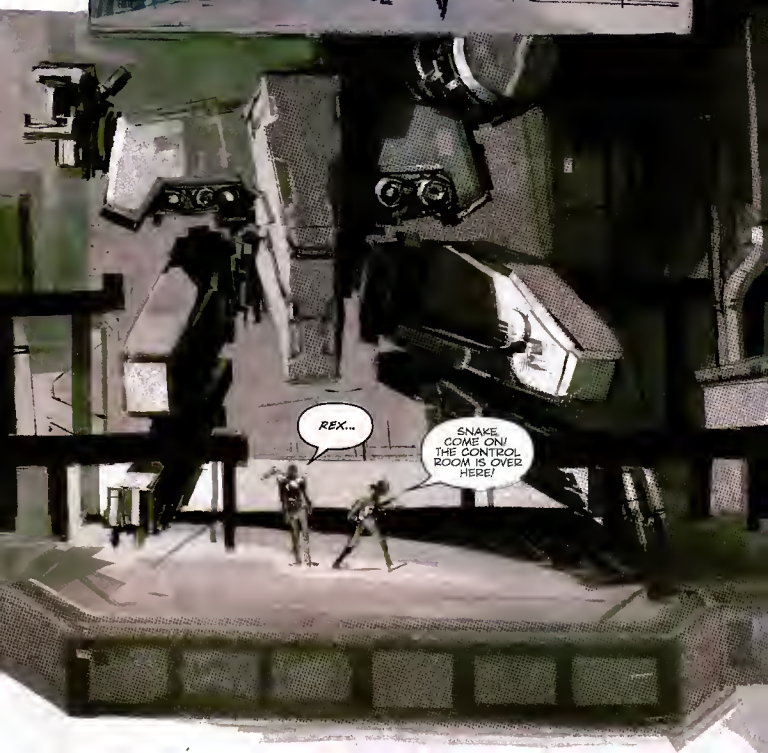


GRAY
FOX, I...



PLEASE...
TAKE CARE OF
MY SISTER.








WITH THE
PAL CODES WE
CAN OVERRIDE
THE LAUNCH
PROCEDURE

I THOUGHT
PAL WAS ONLY
USED FOR
LAUNCHING.




IT CAN
BE USED FOR
DISARMING, TOO.
THE BRASS BRIEFED
YOU ON ALL THIS,
DIDN'T THEY?

YEAH.

SO? THEY
MUST HAVE
GIVEN YOU THE
PAL CODES.
WHAT ARE
THEY?

I DON'T
KNOW. DIDN'T
THEY GIVE THEM
TO YOU?



STOP PLAYING
AROUND, SNAKE!
WE DON'T HAVE
TIME FOR THIS!

SIR, I
DON'T HAVE
THE CODES!



PLEASE
STEP AWAY
FROM THE
CONSOLE
SLOWLY

MOVE AWAY
NOW OR SHE'S
DEAD!


SNAKE!

NAOMI!

NOW, NOW
OCELOT, NO
NEED FOR THE
DRAMATICS. WE'RE
ALL **FRIENDS**
HERE, AREN'T
WE?

AND AS
FRIENDS ARE
GENEROUS TO
ONE ANOTHER I'M
CERTAIN THEY'LL
KINDLY GIVE US
THE PAL CODES
WITHOUT MUCH
ADO...

PLEASE
THINK THIS
THROUGH BEFORE
DOING SOMETHING
IRREVOCABLY
STUPID.



Snake, I'm not sure we have much choice here. If you give Liquid and Ocelot the codes, we'll have a better opening once they release Naomi.



NO.

PITY, YOU REALLY SHOULD LISTEN TO YOUR FRIEND.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SNAKE?



"OCELOT..."

"TWO HANDS..."



I'M NOT
HERE. THIS ISN'T
HAPPENING.

SNAKE!
STOP!



DAMN YOU
TO HELL! HOW
DID YOU SEE
THROUGH IT?



HOW DID
YOU SEE
THROUGH MY
PSYCHIC
DISSIMULATION?
IT WAS
FLAWLESS!



NO,
YOUR LITTLE
ILLUSION WAS
FAR FROM
PERFECT.

TOO MANY
DISCREPANCIES.
TOO
IMPLAUSIBLE.



MERYL!

BASTARD!
LEAVE HER
ALONE!




TAKE
HER FOR
INSTANCE...



FAH! IT
DOES NOT
MATTER! I'VE
ONLY *BEGAN* TO
REVEAL THE FULL
SPECTRUM OF
MY ABILITIES.

YOU'RE
ALL MERE
PUPPETS
IN MY
PLAY.



TCH. AND
HOW IS ANY OF
THIS *MY* FAULT?
YOU'RE THE ONE
THAT'S FAILED
HER.

JUST
LIKE YOU'VE
CONSISTENTLY
FAILED EVERYONE
ELSE IN YOUR
MISBEGOTTEN
LIFE.



SAY
FAREWELL
TO YET
ANOTHER
LOVED ONE
SNAKE

SNAKE!
I...



MERYL!
NO!

BLAM

To be continued.

Nickname:

Ninja

Foxhound Codename:

Gray Fox

Real Name: **Frank Jaeger**

Sex: **Male**

Status: **N/A**

Age: **N/A**

Nationality: **American**

Height: **181 cm.**

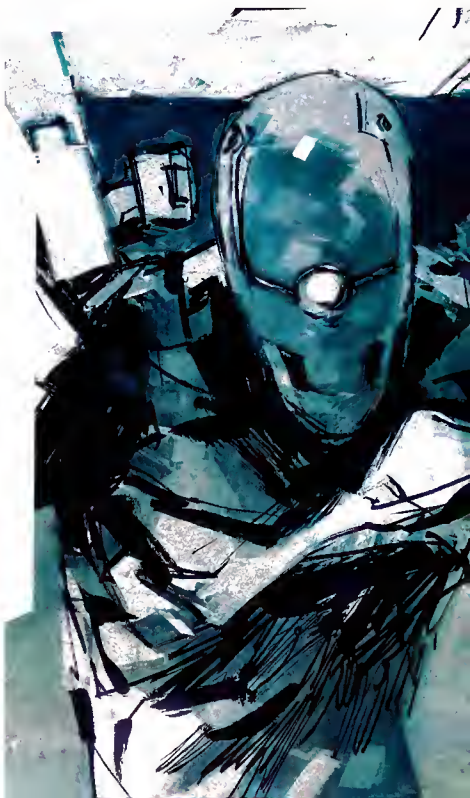
Additional skills:

The Ninja's actuator suit is equipped with stealth camouflage, and can detect minute movements in the air. His battle training is further augmented by the suit, which boosts his combat skills to near superhuman levels.

Although much of his humanity has long since been stripped away, the Ninja began life as Frank Jaeger, an orphan taken in by Big Boss. Big Boss spent years training the boy, honing his battle skills until he became an agent of pure destruction. This program was so successful that Jaeger became a professional mercenary in his teenage years.

Even disfigurement suffered as a POW in Mozambique did not dull Jaeger's taste for battle, and his valor and bravery resulted in Big Boss granting him the Foxhound codename Gray Fox.

When Jaeger was nearly killed by Solid Snake during a military operation, he became the subject of Genome research that stretched over four long years. The only thing that kept him going during that time was the burning desire to one day exact his revenge on Solid Snake.



N i c k n a m e :

Otacon

Real Name: **Hal Emmerich**

Sex: **Male**

Status: **Single**

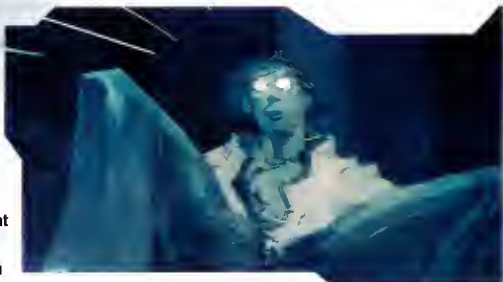
Age: **Thirties**

Nationality: **American**

Height: **177 cm.**

Additional skills:

Although Emmerich's main talent is his prodigious brain power, he also has access to—and the knowledge to operate—a stealth camouflage suit.



Hal Emmerich, chief engineer of the ArmsTech Metal Gear Project, is nothing short of a genius. Graduating from college at an early age due to an accelerated schedule, Emmerich soon displayed an astonishing aptitude for computers and an intuitive understanding of robotics and arms technology.

Emmerich hails from a family with a long history of linkage to weapons development. His grandfather was part of the Manhattan Project, which resulted in the creation of nuclear bombs, while his father was born on the very day that the Atomic bomb was dropped on Japan. Now, unwittingly, Emmerich has helped to perfect the Mobile Theater Missile Defense weapon known as Metal Gear Rex that may bring nuclear destruction to the entire planet!



DCP

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DARTH SCANNER

*Leeching leads to the Dark Side of the Force.
A good Jedi buys comics and supports the industry!*